

MUNCHING MAGIC



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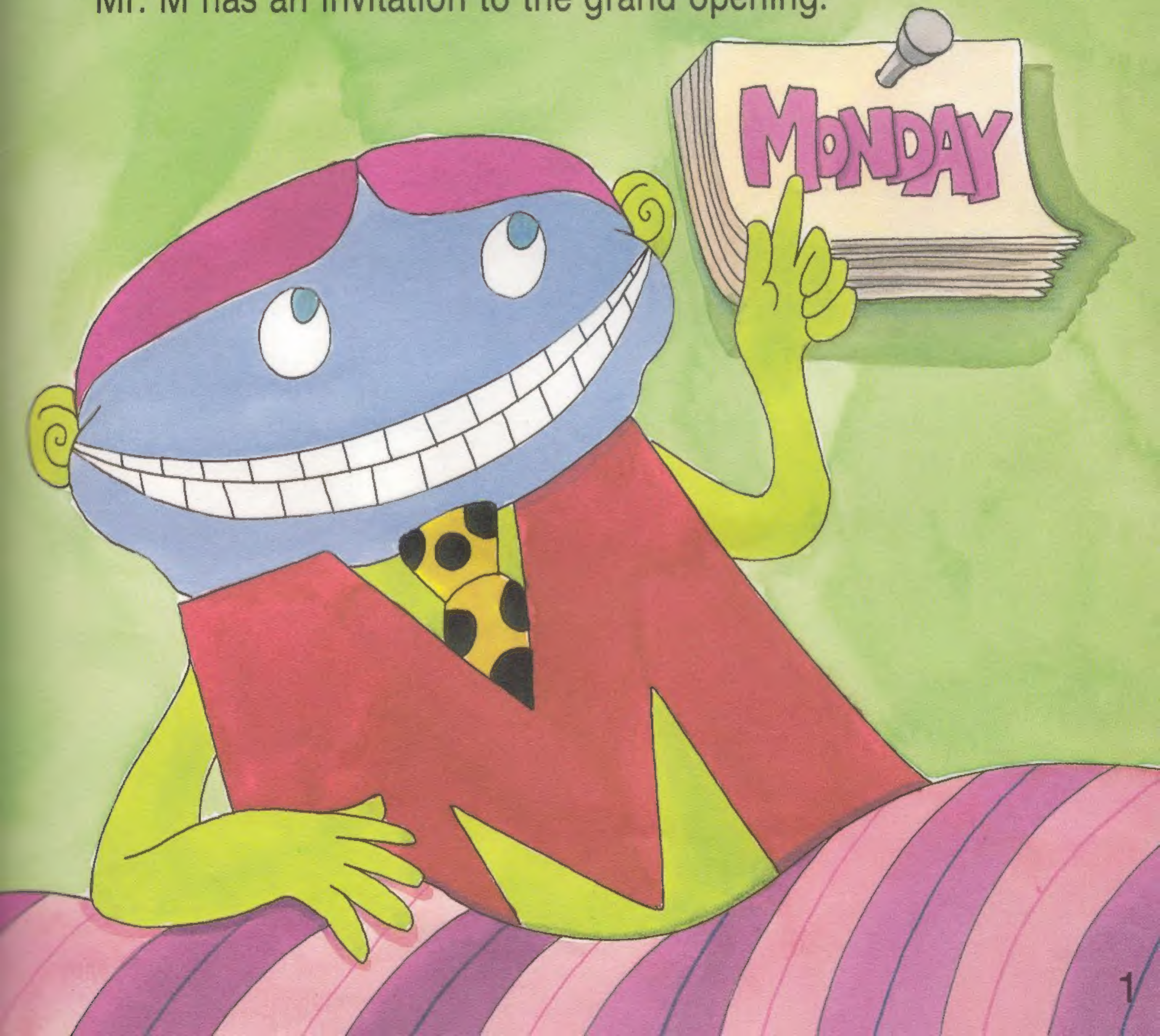
It is Monday morning.

Mr. M gets ready to go to the
Munching Monday Market.

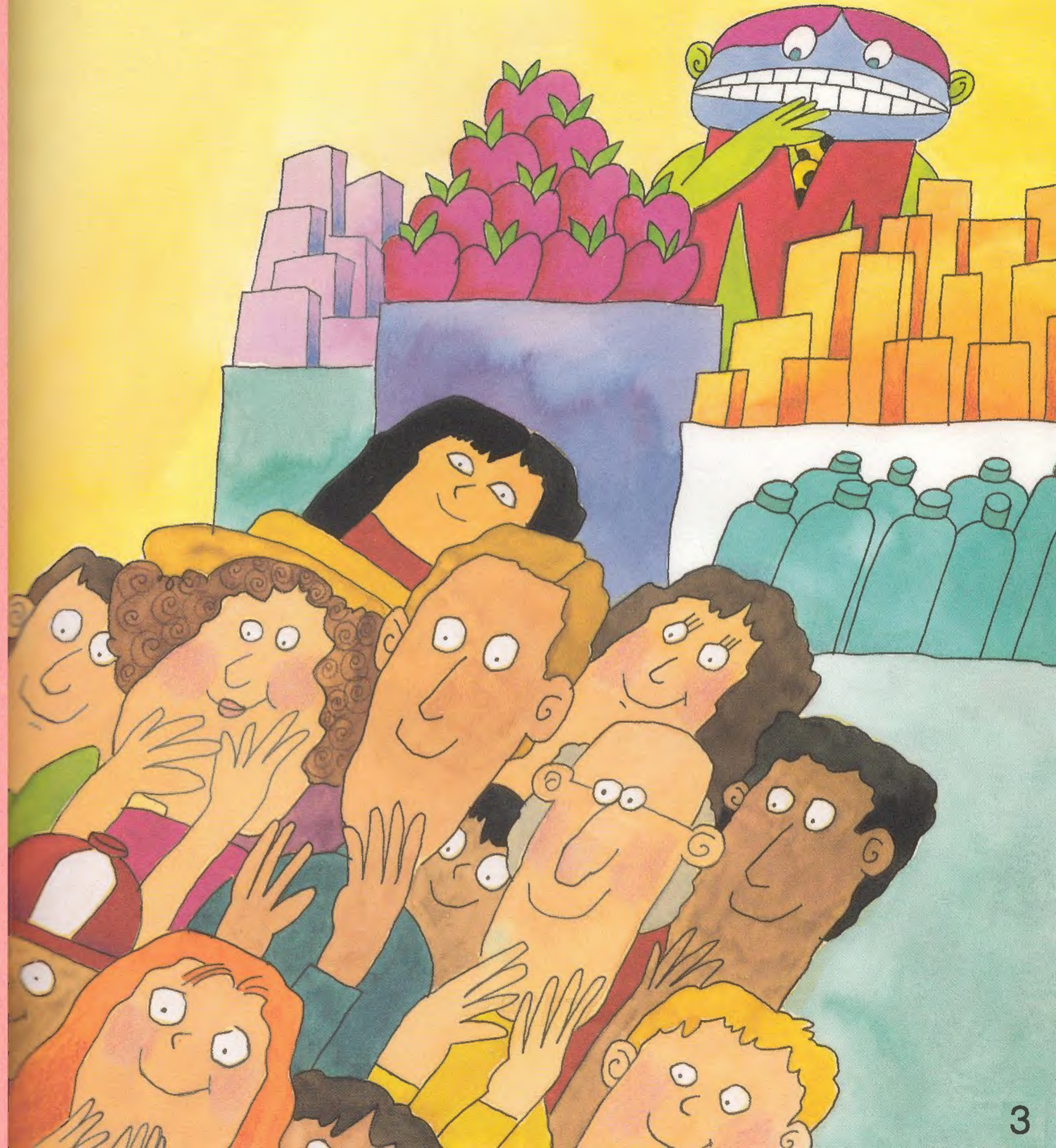
Then he remembers.

Today is the day a large new market is opening
in Letter People Land.

Mr. M has an invitation to the grand opening.



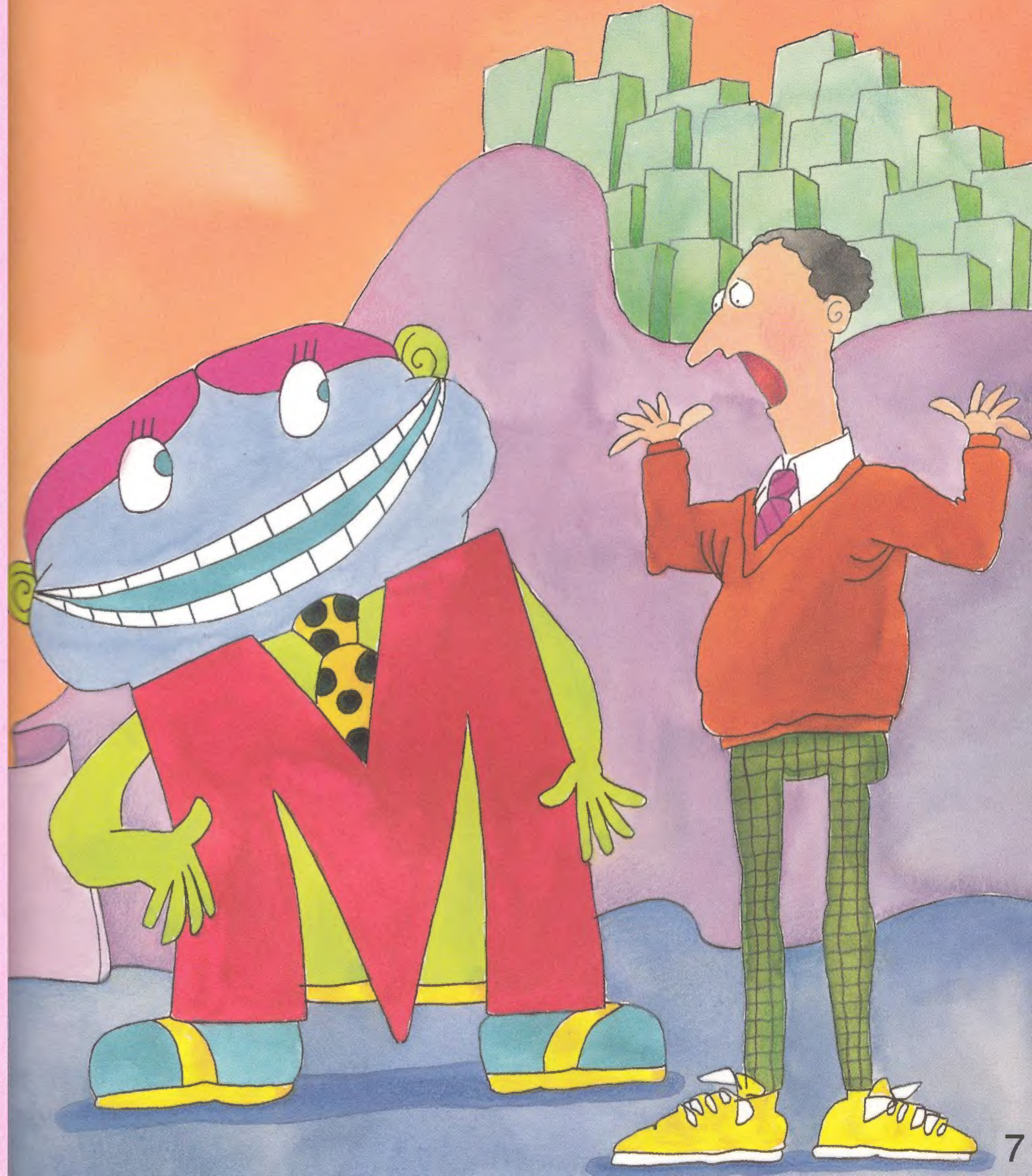
Mr. M goes to the new market.
It is very crowded.
There are people everywhere.
Mr. M hears clapping.
“Why would people clap at a market?” he wonders.
Then he sees a magician.
She is entertaining all the customers.
Mr. M gets closer so he can watch.



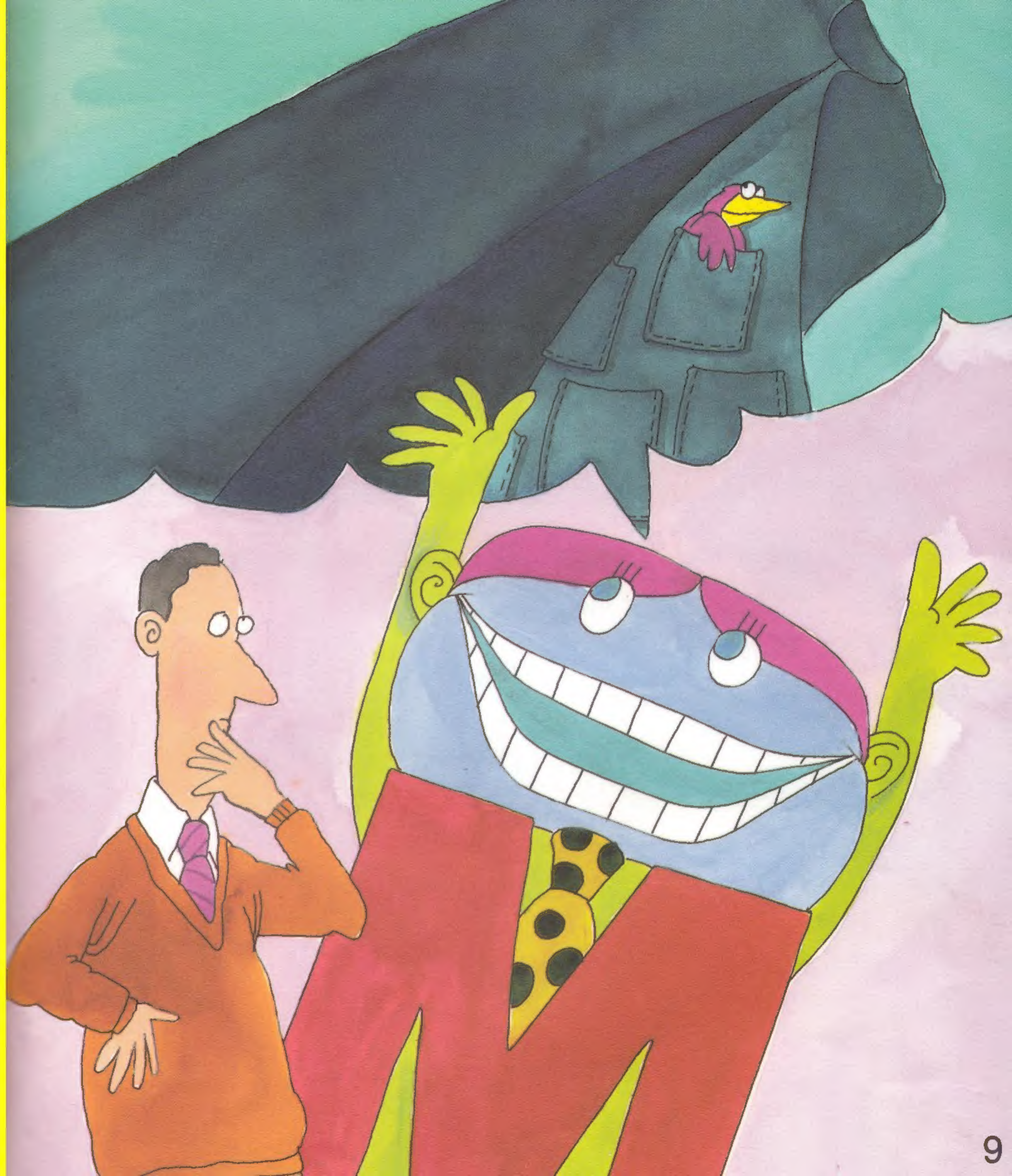
Marylene the Magician is wearing a big, long cape.
She puts her hand inside the cape.
She makes a rabbit appear.
She says *abra-ca-dabra*.
The rabbit disappears.
Then she makes a bird appear.
She says her magic words.
The bird disappears.
Mr. M watches for a long time.
Suddenly he thinks about Mr. Mumpy, the manager
at the Munching Monday Market.
“Mr. Mumpy will miss me,” he says.
“I should shop at his store.”



Mr. M hurries to the Munching Monday Market.
Mr. Mumpy is very happy to see him.
“There have not been many people shopping here today,” says Mr. Mumpy.
“Everyone is at the big new market,” says Mr. M.
“Marylene the Magician is entertaining. You should have a magician too.”
“I am only a small market,” says Mr. Mumpy.
“I do not have enough money to pay a magician.”
“Maybe you cannot have a real magician,” says Mr. M,
“but you can have me, a make-believe magician.”



“Mr. M, I know you want to help me,”
says Mr. Mumpy.
“But it isn’t easy to be a magician.”
“I watched Marylene the Magician very closely,”
says Mr. M.
“I know what to do.
I’ll make a big, long cape.
I’ll sew lots of pockets on the inside.
I’ll hide things in the pockets.
When I want to make something appear,
I’ll pull it out of a pocket.
I’ll say a few magic words and make it disappear.
Don’t worry, Mr. Mumpy.
Next Monday, I will be the magician at your market!”



Mr. M makes a big, long cape.
He sews many pockets on the inside.
He fills the pockets with different things.
He stands in front of a mirror and starts to practice.
He practices and practices.
“I can make things appear,” says Mr. M, “but I cannot
make anything disappear.
I keep saying the magic words,
but nothing disappears.”
Mr. M looks at himself.
“I know what’s wrong,” he says.
“I must be my own kind of magician.
I cannot make rabbits and birds appear and disappear.
But I can make my munchables appear and disappear.
People will like my munching magic act.”



On Monday morning Mr. M awakens while it is still dark.

He cooks and cooks and cooks.

Then he fills many small food containers. In each food container he puts a special Mr. M munchable.

"My munching magic show will be marvelous," smiles Mr. M.

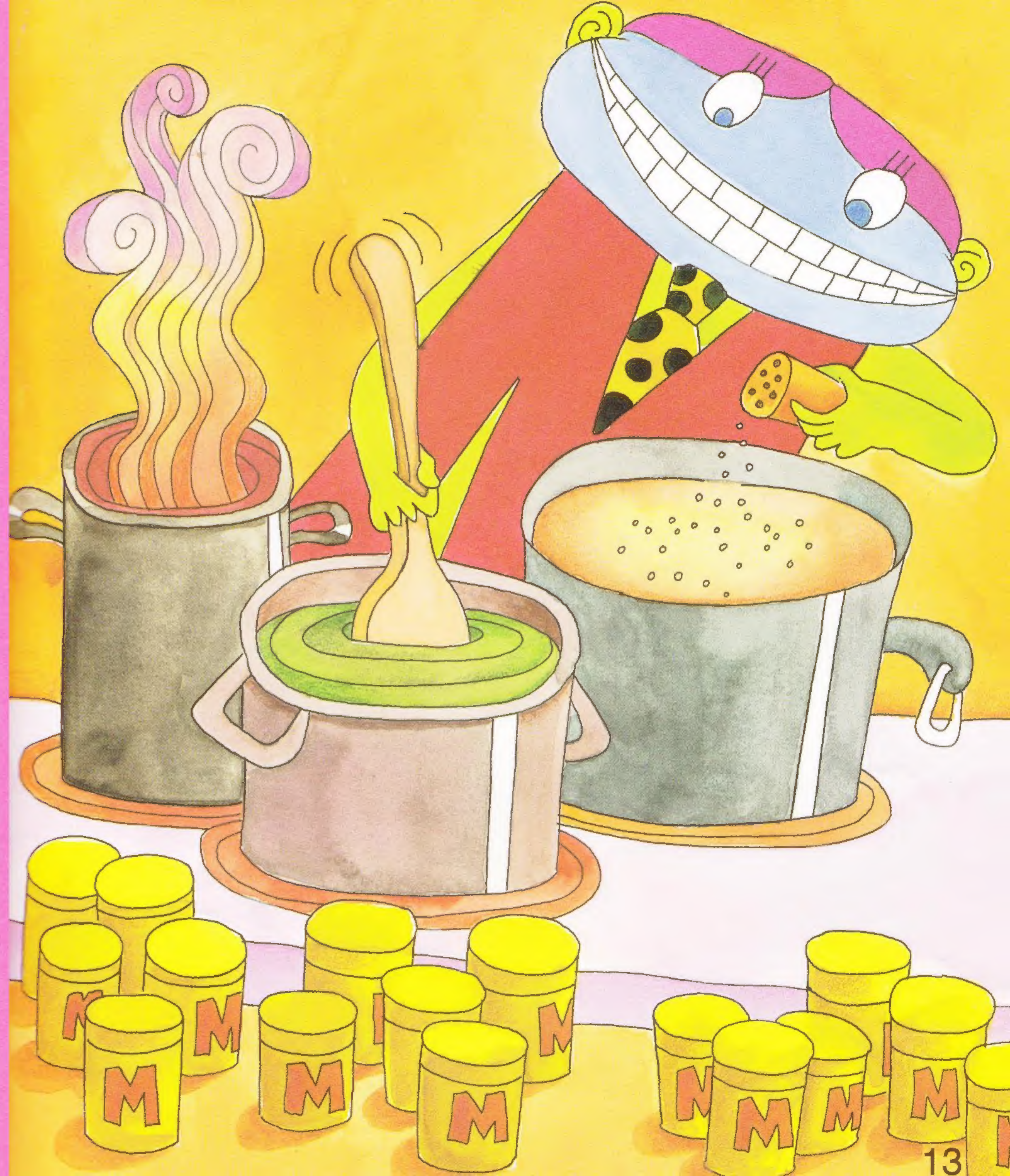
He puts on his big, long cape.

Then he fills the pockets with the many, many containers of food.

The cape is so heavy Mr. M can hardly move.

"I don't want to arrive at the market too early," he thinks.

"Mr. Mumpy told everyone my magic show would start at lunch time."



Mr. M arrives at the Munching Monday Market at lunch time.

There is a large crowd waiting for him.

Mr. M gets up onto a platform.

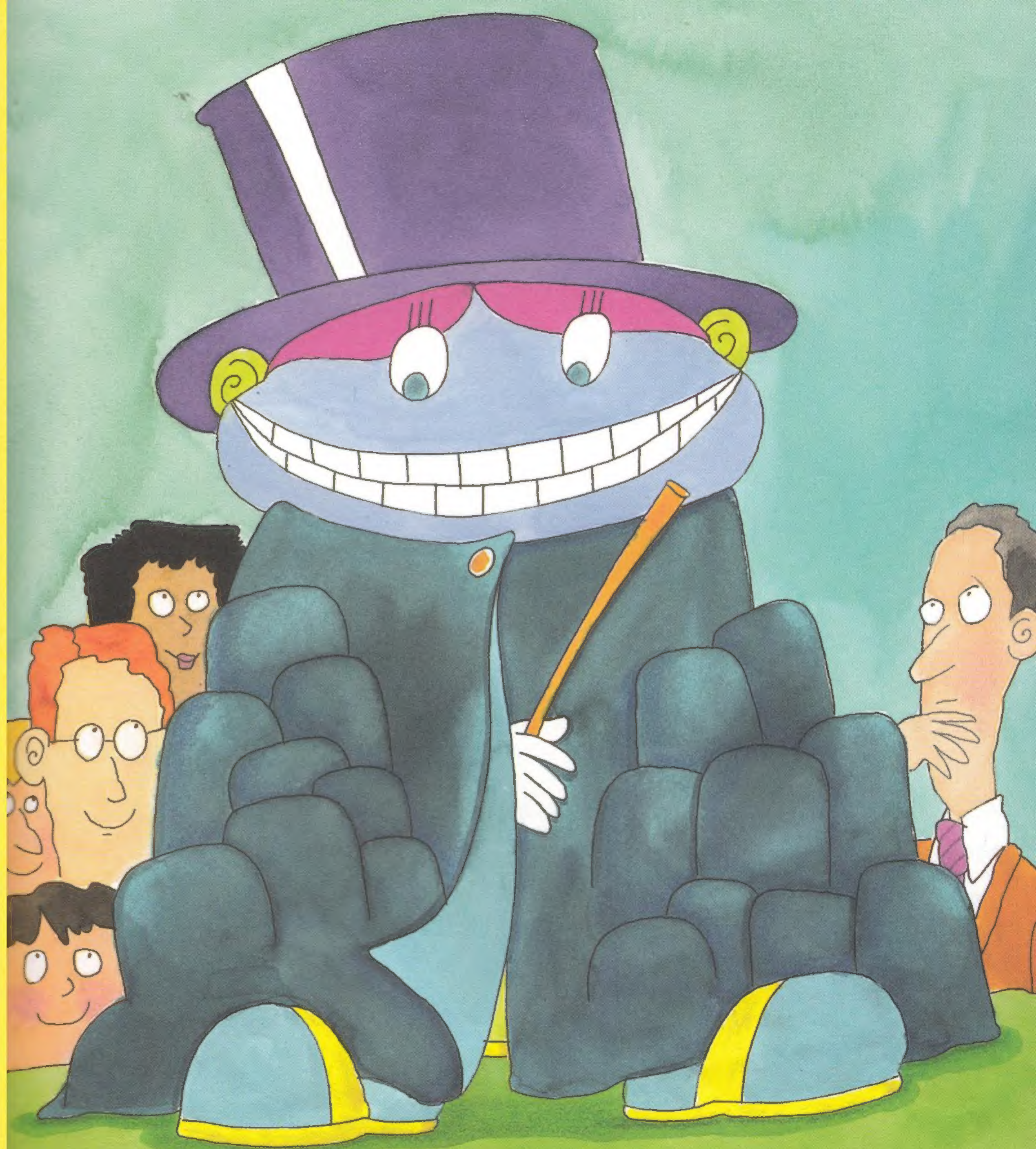
Mr. Mumpy looks at Mr. M's bulging cape.

"Mr. M is a good friend," he thinks.

"But he doesn't look like a good magician.

I promised my customers a magic act.

I hope they won't be disappointed."



The people gather around Mr. M.

"A magician makes something appear and then disappear," says Mr. M.

"I will do that too, but not the way any other magician does."

"That's what I'm worried about," thinks Mr. Mumpy.

"I do not make anything disappear until the end of my magic act," says Mr. M.

"Then everything will disappear at the same time."

"This will be an unusual magic act," say the people.

"I am ready to begin," says Mr. M.



Mr. M takes food container after food container out of the pockets of his cape.

"These containers are filled with my magnificent meatball marinara," says Mr. M.

"Mmm, it smells so good," say the people.

"It is too bad you have to make it disappear."

"The disappearing comes later," says Mr. M.

"Now I need people to hold the containers."

"I think I should disappear," says Mr. Mumpy.

"I promised people a magician.

Mr. M is trying to be a magician, but this is not a magic show."



Mr. M continues.

He takes food containers out of other pockets.

"These containers have my marvelous macaroni milanese," says Mr. M.

"Mmm, the macaroni milanese smells delicious," say the people.

"Don't make it disappear too fast."

"The disappearing comes later," says Mr. M.

"Please hold these containers for me."



“Mr. M,” says Mr. Mumpy, “don’t tell the people you can make everything disappear. Even a real magician couldn’t make all this disappear.”

“Don’t worry,” says Mr. M, “disappearing is the easiest part of my magic act.

All the food will disappear at the same time.”

“I cannot watch,” thinks Mr. Mumpy.

“Mr. M is not a magician.

Everyone will be angry with me.

They won’t come back to shop at my market.”



“Now everyone can help me make the food disappear,” says Mr. M.
“First remove all the lids from the containers.”
“Too bad all this food has to disappear,” say the people.
“Now will you say *abra-ca-dabra*?” ask the people.
“*Abra-ca-dabra* will not make my munchables disappear,” says Mr. M.
“Munchables can only disappear in one way. Listen and do exactly what my magic words say.”
“I cannot listen,” moans Mr. Mumpy.
He covers his ears and runs to the back of the store.



Everyone is very quiet.
They hold the containers of food and wait.
Softly Mr. M says his magic words.
“We’re happy to do what your magic words say,”
laugh the people.
“Watch us, Mr. M.”
Mr. M watches.
In a few minutes every munchable disappears.
“Delicious! Delicious!” say the people.
“This is the most fun we ever had at a magic show,”
they shout.



Mr. Mumpy hears the people shouting.
He rushes to the front of the store.
He sees all the empty food containers.
“The munchables really disappeared!”
he says in amazement.
“Mr. M, I know you are a marvelous friend.
Now I know you are also a marvelous magician.
How did you make the munchables disappear?”
asks Mr. Mumpy.
“My magic words told the people what to do,”
says Mr. M.



“My magic words said,
‘Munch! Munch! Munch!’
This is your lunch!’ ”
smiles Mr. M.

